

The HERO's Garland. ²⁹

BEING

A Collection of New SONGS

Containing,

1. You British Sons of antient Fame,
2. What Honours are to Fred'rick due,
3. Of all the Days that's in the Year,
4. Come all you brave Britons, charge your Glasses
5. What heavy news is this you bring.



Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-
Church-Yard, London.



Frederick the Third, King of Prussia.

YOU British Sons of antient Fame,
 Whose Honour France shall never stain,
 Fill up your Bowls and shout again,
 Huzza for England's Glory!
 There's Frederick the Third, the Prussian King,
 Whose Name throughout the world doth ring,
 The House of Austria feels the Sting,
 You'll find it in my Story.

His Majesty the News did hear,
 That Prince Soubise reinforced were
 And near Leipzick encamped there
 Ready to give him Battle.



This warlike Prince the River cross'd,
 Not fearing the Victory would be lost,
 Tho' the Combined Army superior was,
 He made their Bones to rattle.

The left Wing of the Enemy began to fly,
 While Thousands on the Ground did lie,
 Run, run, they cry'd, Boys, run, or die,
 Great Frederick is pursuing.
 They flew like Chaff before the Wind,
 They left all their Baggage and Cannon behind,
 And ran away Refuge to find,
 From Death to seek their Ruin.

This noble Prince maintain'd his Right,
 And quickly did pursue their Flight:
 His Men with Sword in Hand did fight,
 And soon made them surrender.
 His Work he finish'd clean and neat,
 He laid the Frenchmen at his Feet,
 With a warm Reception they did meet
 From Second Alexander.

Seven Thousand and more were Prisoners made,
 Besides what on the Ground were laid.
 One Hundred and Fifty Cannon, 'tis said,

And likely to improve them.
 This Prince will never quit the Spot,
 They know he does regard them not,
 While they find Men he'll find them Shot,
 He's not afraid to face them.

Hungarian Queen, where are you now?
 Monsieur has drove you in a Slough,
 Who is it that can help you now?
 It's neither France nor Russia.

Here's a Health to that brave loyal Heart
 That took his royal Uncle's Part,
 And made his Foes to feel the Smart.
 Long live the King of Prussia.

The King of Prussia's March.

WHAT honours are to Fred'rick due,
 The Prussians' matchless King?

And his immortal glories too,
 Who can forbear to sing?

To share his crown, with hatred keen,
 Four sov'reigns had agreed;
 The Gallick King, Hungaria's Queen,
 The savage Russ and Swede.

The savage Russ and Swede.

The princes of the empire came
 To aid the base design;

Thro' terror of th' Imperial name,
 Unwilling aid they join.

Tho' num'rous hosts of foes surround
 His just, but envy'd throne,

Undaunted he maintains his ground,
 And trusts in Heaven alone.

He met, he fought them, and o'erthrew:
 Whole armies wear his chain!

Time never such a hero knew;
 Nor e'er shall know again.
 Daun's laurel withers on his head,
 Lorrain, drink on and die,
 Soubise and Hildbourghausen dread
 Your fate again to fly.
 Th' Hungarian Queen now feels the smart
 Of perjury and pride:
 Her haughty and malicious heart
 No more shall oaths deride,
 Great Prince! sustain thy noble mind,
 Should still new armies rise,
 Their fury is by Heaven design'd
 To swell thy victories.

On Prince Ferdinand's Victory!

OF all the Days that's in the Year,
 Remarkable in Story,
 The first of August will appear
 To Ferdinand's Glory.
 The Battle which he fought that Day,
 With other brave Commanders,
 Will appear much greater far
 Than any fought in Flanders.
 Tho' Marlborough and the brave Eugene
 Have often caus'd much Wonder,
 They never fought with so few Men
 As made this mighty Thunder,
 Contades had hunted many Days
 To find our Picket Guards, fir,
 But when 'twas found, to it's great Praise,
 It gave him his Reward, fir.

They bravely did maintain the Ground,

And made their Cannons rattle,

'Till no Frenchman without a Wound,

Was left in the Field of Battle,

Many Heroes there were slain,

And many others wounded;

And still the Field we did maintain,

'Till the French were confounded.

They threw down arms and ran away,

That they might fly the faster,

And now complain, as well they may,

Of this their sad Disaster.

Now here's a Health to George our King,

And every brave Fellow;

Let every loyal Subject sing,

And drink 'till he is mellow.

Nor let's forget, while here we sing,

The glorious Prince of Brunswick,

Who fought a Battle the same Day,

And bravely did the French lick;

Who with a Handful of brave Men

Did plunge into the River,

And as they landed on the Shore,

Their Enemies did quiver.

Then taking to their Heels they run,

And left him all their Plunder;

'Tis what they formerly have done,

And so it's no great Wonder.

Now to conclude along with those,

Let's drink the King of Prussia;

That he may humble all his Foes,

And conquer Bess of Russia,

The King of Prussia's Health.

COME, all you brave Britons, charge your
 glasses high
 Drink a health to brave Prussia, who'll con-
 quer or die:
 Whilst surrounded with foes, thro' smoke and
 thro' fire,
 Makes all Europe his conduct and courage
 admire.
 O the brave king of Prussia, &c.
 Tho' France and Hungary so deceitful have
 been,
 It no sooner he knew, but his troops were seen
 In the field ready armed, prepared to fight.
 For their royal master, in whom they delight.
 When that he came into the Polish land,
 None of their forces against him could stand:
 He made all to tremble, and with them count
 Bruhl,
 Who was glad to sneak off like a politic fool
 Some thousands of lives have surely been lost,
 Which France and Hungary will feel to their
 cost,
 And 'tis hop'd will remember the Prussian
 king,
 Of whose noble courage all Europe does ring.
 Prince Soubise he has beat, and forc'd to re-
 treat,
 Whilst his brother likewise performed great
 feats;
 And five thousand French have been killed
 outright
 By the Prussians, who for their master will
 fight.

And now all true Britons come take off your
 glass, To the brim fill it up, and round let it pass.
 Huzzal for brave Prussia your voices let ring,
 And remember he's kin to great George our
 King.

The King of Prussia's loyal Toast.

WHAT heavy news is this you bring,
 I cannot comprehend;
 Methinks I see the Prussian King,
 With my Sceptre in his hand;
 Then in a fainting fit he fell,
 Her ladies aloud did cry:
 Bring here a cordial instantly,
 I fear the Queen will die.

CHORUS.

Hungarian Queen may sail and think,

While Prussian rules the Roast,

In Whatso'er Liquor we drink,

Let Prussian bear the Toast.

But coming a little to herself;

O then aloud did cry;

What is Biscuin taken in,

And to be hang'd to day;

Great Prussian has such good success,

My pride he will pull down,

My heart does ake I must confess,

When e'er I see my Crown,

Soon as those heroes we did see,

Like loyal hearts of gold:

They form'd a Battle instantly,

And would not be controul'd:

Four hours (like a castle wall) was won by A

They stood both smoak and fire, A

Till we our grand Standard let fall, A

And glad for to retire, A

The Battle is not to the strong dear Queen, A

Nor riches to the wise, A

Altho' our Armies numberless, A

They cut us down like flies, A

Small shot like showers of hail did come, A

Their Cannon they smartly play'd, A

Had you been there you had gladly ran, A

To escape as well as they, A

Unhappy Queen, most dismal scene, A

My heart does pity thee, A

But when those English Troops comes o'er, A

What will become of me, A

With horrid Dreams I am confus'd, A

My soul surrounded are, A

The night before I heard the news, A

I dream'd I lost my Crown, A

Manſieur may ponder, toil and think, A

While Prussian rules the Roast, A

In whatſoe'er Liquor we drink, A

Let Prussia bear the Toast, A

10 JULY 62

ENGLAND



